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For the National Era. ILL-STARRED - PART SIXTH.

Saturday night! Who has not rejoiced when the week's affairs were wound up, even though they may have been attended with no unusual sorrow or solicitude. The weight of care is lightened for a-moment, and we breathe freely: there is then less looking before and after, less sighing for what is not than at other times. In the city, the close of the week and the approach of the Sabbath are more manifestly apprehended, perhaps; but in the country, they are felt. The oxen are unyoked and left to graze over the hills for a day, the plow, or the work, of whatever sort it may be, stands still—a hush, unbroken by the woodman's axe or the will-disposition that my daughter was forced by the woodman's axe or the will-disposition that my daughter was forced by the was a good wife, and it was all from his own will-disposition that my daughter was forced by the was a good wife, and it was all from his own will-disposition that my daughter was forced by the was a good wife, and it was all from his own will-disposition that my daughter was forced by the was a good wife, and it was all from his own will-disposition that my daughter was forced by the was a good wife, and it was all from his own will-disposition that my daughter was forced by the was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from his own was a good wife, and it was all from h proach of the Sabbath are more manifestly apa nusa, unbroken by the woodman's axe or the laborer's song, spreads itself over all, and the solemn chiming of the village bell calls to all, far and near, to come up and worship. There is no music of chimes, no cross-crowned towers, no corgeous and elaborate ritual, nor paid chous, to fill long, dark, aisles with artistic

" As if God's ear would bend with childish favor

The very birds seemed to sing less jocundly, and there was sound through the woods like anthems; and the winds, the property with the soul till in goes down in purple fire, and over the sky's blue border the stars come up white and Sometimes, in some country places, the Sab-

bath is made a time of visiting; nor is it thus profaned, for it is generally amongst people whose occupations require their time and attention through the week, and who, after quietly enjoying the hospitality of some dear friend or brother, partake with him also a spiritual feast in the house of God. There is no ostentatious display, no noise or bustle requisite for the entertainment, but the visiters lend their aid in the performance of some labor of love, and so during their stay make less work than they do. The "women-folks" who of course sleep in the spare bed." "dainty and love endeared," spread t smoothly, and get the whole chamber in order before they descend, and make themselves further useful often in laying the cloth and assisting about breakfast, which is easily accomplished with the asking of an occasional ques-tion—such as, whether to use the white-handled knives and forks or the horn ones, the plain china or the gilt, the tin coffee-pot or the bri-tannia; in all of which cases, the visiter knows well enough that the white-handled knives and forks, and the gilt china, and the britannia coffee-pot, are to be used. Meanwhile, the menfolks inspect cribs, and sheds, and barns, proposing improvements for themselves from what oats or carry the hay to the sheep, or milk a cow, "just because they would rather do it than not"—neither offering hindrance, nor disorganizing the usual course of things. If it be known that Uncle John's or Aunt Mary's folks are coming, or whoever else it may be, the preparations are all made Saturday. At such times, we be to the chickens that have saucy habits of coming into the house. With all diligence the children search through hay-mows and strawheaps, and sometimes make exploring expedi-tions into patches of weeds, for new nests; scrubbing and dusting are done up with unusual care, a pound-cake and a pudding are baked, and toward sunset all the family appear in their holyday gear, and await with smiling countenances the crowning event the arrival Uncle John or Aunt Mary, as the case may be. Well, such an event was about to occur at Mr. Claverel's. The week's work was finished. David and Oliver were initiating their colts, Democrat and Reuben, in the mysteries of some fantastic tricks, Mr. Claverel read some political essay in the "Republican," while "Dolly" crimped the border of her cap with Richard's penknife; and Martha and Jane, shivering though they were, sat close to the front gate, eager to catch the first glimpse of Uncle Peter's folks. Richard, utterly indifferent, or affecting

ginning of a new era in life. Oh, mother, mother, look quick and see i that is not them, just coming over the hill," said both the girls at once. Mrs. Claverel arcse and looked from the window, saying, as she did so, Peter has a new horse on the near side, if it is him; but, Sammy, hadn't you best go out and open the gate, at any rate?

yet the coming of Uncle Peter was to him the

children ran out again, saying they could do it, for they thought that would make it Uncle Peter; and Mrs. Claverel, saying she guessed they could do it just as well as anybody, left Richard to the enjoyment of his violin. Anxiously and almost tremblingly the children gazed. Presently, the white cover and the little reen wagon were in full sight, and there, side side, sat Uncle Peter and Aunt Jane. Briskly the journey was concluded; and as they, having smiled and nodded to the children, trotted down the gravel walk, the rattling of the wheels announced to all that they were come. Mrs. Claverel, in her newly crimped cap and smoothly ironed dress, and with one never idle, came forth to give her welcome, attended by "Sammy," with the open Republican which he proffered by way of step. What a joyous shaking of hands there was, how many kind inquiries about all at home, from the chilfren to Billy the hired man, and even the old house-dog was not forgotten. Then came the unpacking of a variety of little presents, in the shape of packages, jars, and baskets—for Aunt Jane never came empty-handed—she always had something that she knew Dolly would like o well!—some of her currant jelly, or dried cars so nice in case of sickness, or a fresh-oaked loaf-cake, which she thought the children

baked loal-cake, which she thought the children might like because Aunt Jane made it, and not but that Dolly could make a great deal better.

Ah, Aunt Jane was a good woman—kind deeds and words flowed up from her heart as spontaneously as water from the living fountain. She knew nothing of the arts and bland-ishments of cultivated life—nothing of its hearts and specious deeptions; but a disposition please is better than conformity to rules, and crybody was happy in Aunt Jane's society, he was not my Aunt Jane. I wish she was taking his last rest. He was many years older than his wife; even at the bridal, his hair was

And when the end came, he was happy and

over his features was never afterwards dis-

But it is not with the sad end of the journey that I have to deal, nor much even with the

and the table spread for supper. Democrat and Reuben, whose stalls were to be occupied by Uncle Peter's horses, were turned out to race in the orchard, and the violin was mute. den pause, a sound of voices, then the driving forward again. Presently there was a loud rap on the door, and, responsive to Mr. Clav-erel's distinct "come in," a fat little woman en-

tered, whom, under drooping feathers and muf-ting furs, it was difficult to recognise as Mrs. Bates. Mr. Claverel received her with cold formality, Richard with blank surprise, and Mrs. Claverel with a strained and uncomfort-

able effort at hospitality.

A little very urgent business had brought the clouds."

her, she said, as she accepted the invitation "to "Are you

take off her things."
"You see," she said, seating herself by Aunt Jane, "it was my daughter that Richard Clav-erel here married. She made him a good wife, if ever a woman made a good wife. I don't say this because I am her mother, and she is and after going through the formula, he retired my daughter: because if I was not her mother, nor she my daughter. I could see that she was a good wife, just as well as I can see now that she was a good wife, and it was all from his own will-disposition that my daughter was forced to abanding his house. I haven't the vanity to think my daughter an angel, but I do think an angel could not have lived with him, any more than my daughter could live with him; but an locked, and seating himself by the window, he than my daughter could live with him; but an angel, seeing his will-disposition, would have had to abanding him, just as my daughter, seeing his will-disposition, had to abanding him."

There is no telling how much longer she would have gone on but for the interference of

For the National Era.

Mr. Claverel, who, after the exclamation, ": fool's mouth hath no drought," requested that whatever business she might have should be transacted with him. Richard had more me escape, followed by Uncle Peter. who preached him an excellent sermon from the text, "Never give up." At first, he said it was no use; he should always have bad luck; that if other folk could do better, he hoped they would—but that he couldn't. Gradually, however, he yield-ed by little and little, and began to take cour-

age and hope.

"I forgot," said Mrs. Bates, addressing Mr. Claverel, "that you are the Governor. I suppose you would like to have me get down on my knees, and ask you if you would please to my Claverel, it will not be the Widder Bates that gets on her knees to the like of you. No the Widder Bates has a little too much spirit for to get down on her knees to you, Sammy Clav-erel, or the like of you, Sammy Claverel—the Widder Bates tells you that to your face, Sammy

"Can't the business just be put off till we have taken a little bit of tea and enten a mouthful or two of supper ?" said Mrs. Claverel. But Mrs. Bates, who felt invested by her widowhood with a sort of dignity, and loved to make allusion to her lonely and unprotected state, replied that the Widder Bates would say what she had to say without any supper-that she was a lone body; but, for all that, she wouldn't be beholden to her foes!"

"Come and eat like a woman," Mr. Claverel said; "you've rid from town, and must be I'm not your enemy; and now that you are in my house, you are welcome to eat, though I

hope this may be your last visit."

Adjusting her black bonnet so as to show to good advantage the red artificial flowers in her cap, Mrs. Bates said she hoped it would be her last visit—that she had come to say something that would have been very much to erel's advantage, and that she would rather be disadvantage; but that if he was not a mind to have an advantage when a lone widder had come to offer him an advantage to her own disto force an advantage into his hands to her

own disadvantage.

Mr. Claverel said that if she had made such acrifice on his account, he was sorry; but that if she had anything to propose that would be to their mutual advantage, he was ready to

Mrs. Bates, reseating herself.
"She got most of her living in my paster have some reason to remember her

"Only that she was an ugly old critter, that one would not be likely to forget, and that she could let down the bars as well as I." "And you as well as she-so folks say

What of that? Would I put your cov my paster?" Opinions differ - some says what you

The angry glow came into Mr. Claverel's face, as he said— "Speak plainly, and to the point; I don't iderstand you!"

"I did speak to the point-the Widder Bates

Then say out what you have to say. "I've said, as plain as words can say, that if a rich man had a spite to a poor man, he might turn the poor man's cow into his own meader, and let her eat herself to death, just because he was a rich man that the law couldn't touch, and had a spite to a poor man that the law could take up and hang if he said a word."

"Ay, ay, I understand," said Mr. Claverel, for er talk was too ludierous to make him angry but if any one believed your insinuations, don't see that it would be much to my advan-

disadvantage; and if I don't tell it, it will be to your advantage; and if I don't tell it, it will be to your advantage; but do you suppose I am going to conceal it for nothing?"

"Do as you please; but if you think I will pay you money to keep you from circulating falsehoods, you are mistaken. Is this the business you came to transact?"

"I am a poor lone widder, and likely I don't

"I am a poor lone widder, and likely I don't begin business the way business would be begun by a lawyer who teaches business out of books; but I am coming, as fast as I can, to more im-portant business, for the black cow is dead now, poor old critter, and whether she hooked down the bars with her horns and got into your

"What is?" asked Mr. Claverel.
"Why," said Mrs. Bates, after some hesitation, "there is a young man boarding with me that is a lawyer, and knows about business, and

that he would fain have crept out of the world; living years, only as this one visit influenced the destiny of Richard.

The sun was down, and the lamp lighted,

The sun was down, and the lamp lighted, were driving fleetly up the sky, now observing the moon and stars, and now leaving their

broad, full light to stream upon the world.

A storm of sorrowful passion swept him away from the coldness and selfishness that were a The rattling of the stage coach along the turn-pike arrested their attention. There was a sud-part of his nature, and he longed for an opportunity of doing or saying something kind-something that should prove him not utterly sides against him.
"Poor fellow!" said Richard, "come in and

we are waiting supper for you, so never mind

"Are you?" said Richard. "I didn't know it was ready." And taking Carlo by the collar, he followed Aunt Jane into the house, and making his supper of dry bread which he held in one hand, he fed the dog with the other. The table

MIRIAM.

BY MISS PHOUBE CAREY. Sunshine and quiet overhead. And in the world abroad, For all beneath his eye outsproad Rests in the smile of God; And Nature swells her wondrous psaim,

With her great heart-beats, deep and calm. There is a solemn pause below, The harvest work is done, The flowers that came with summer's glow Are perished one by one, And those which deck our autumn wood

A day of sunshine calm and clear, The hushed, unrippled ses, This sabbath season of the year, All speak to me of thee ; A something in them I can trace

Are searcely swelling in the bud.

Like the calm beauty of thy face. There was a time when thou couldst wile My spirit from its ills, There was a beauty in thy smile Like sunshine on the hills;

I have not thought, this many a day, How softly on my heart it lay. Nor do I know why thought of mine Goes back the past to claim ; I have not seen a face like thine,

No lip has called thy name. I wonder if thy thought at times Turns kindly back to me-

Back to those old delicious clin And islands in the sea. Where once we saw an Eden smile It matters not-enough to knew

That all their mingled joy and wee Will never come again; Enough to know, thou art estranged And I .- I dare not say unchanged

For the National Era THOUGHTS AT A GRAVE.

We lay the body in the ground, but the spirit we

Oh, Mother Earth, we bring to the A precious boon this day, And sadly on thy quiet broast

Room in thy softest, greenest spot, Room midst thy summer flowers Dust only to thy care we give-She blooms in brighter bowers.

MECHANISM .- No. XVI. BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK

Legislative enactments indicate the present attitude and secure the future progress of applied science, especially of agricultural and mechanical science. Within the past year a large part of the State Legislatures have made

enactments for the promotion of scientific agri-culture and mechanism, or had those subjects under consideration, probably for future enactordained by the last Legislature. In North Carolina, the Governor was authorized by the Legislature to procure a general scientific exploration of the State. In Virginia, an appropriation was ordered of six thousand dollars annually, for a series of years, for the promotion of prac-tical science in special connection with agricul-ture and the mechanic arts. In South Carolina, effective measures are in progress for developing and applying the natural resources of the soil; also in Mississippi. In Arkansas, a scientific ex-ploration of the State was before the last Legislature, and operations for that object are in pro-gress, if not by legislative enactment, at least by individual enterprise and patriotism. Sena-tor Borland has been and is actively engaged

conversation, he knew what it was, and was so humiliated that Aunt Jane should have heard it, ited at any agricultural fair would doubtless be properly noticed, and rewarded either by previ-

> New York sent to an agricultural fair held and Marie put her handkerchief to her eyes. the last season some specimens of their drawing. On the walls of the school-room are now hibited, and diplomas awarded by the society to the young artists, for their industry, skill,

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN: LINE AMONG THE LOWLY.

CHAPTER XVI.-Tom's Mistress and her opin

And now, Marie," said St. Clare, "your golden days are dawning. Here is our practi-cal, business-like New England cousin, who will take the whole budget of cares off your shoul-ders, and give you time to refresh yourself and

her head languidly on her hand. "I think she'll find one thing if she does, and that is, that it's we mistresses that are the slaves down

Oh, certainly, she will discover that, and a world of wholesome truths beside, no doubt," said St. Clare.

"Talk about our keeping slaves as if we did it for our convenience." said Marie. "Im sure if we consulted that, we might let them all go

them for mamma?

"Mammy is the best I ever knew," said Ma-rie; and yet Mammy, now, is selfish—dreadfully selfish; it's the fault of the whole race."

"Selfishness is a dreadful fault," said St "Well, now, there's Manumy," said Marie.

"I think it's selfish of her to sleep so sound down.
nights; she knows I need little attentions almost child. nights; she knows I need little attentions almost child. Eva is enough to spoil a whole house the she will do when she comes to she so hard to wake. I absolutely am worse keep house herself, I'm sure I don't know. this very morning for the efforts I had to make hold to being kind to servants—I always am but you must make 'em know their place. Eve

"How can you propose it?" said Marie. "St. as I am, the least breath disturbs me, and a strange hand about, me would drive me absolutely frantic. If Mammy telt the interest in all out of the way, you know. Mammy can

and Marie sighed.

Miss Ophelia had listened to this conversation Miss Ophelia had listened to this conversation
with an air of shrewd, observant gravity, and
she still kept her lips tightly compressed, as if
determined fully to ascertain her longitude and
position before she committed herself.
"Now, Mammy has a sort of goodness," said

Marie; "she's smooth and respectful, but she's selfish at heart. Now, she never will be done fidgeting and worrying about that husband of hers. You see, when I was married and came to live here, of course I had to bring her with me, and her husband my father couldn't spare. He was a blacksmith, and of course very necessary; and I thought and said at the time, that Mammy and he had better give each other up, as it wasn't likely to be convenient for them ever to live together again. I wish now I'd insisted on it, and married Mammy to somebody else; but I was foolish and indulgent, and didn't want to insist. I told Manmy, at the time, that she mustu't ever expect to see him more than once or twice in her life again, for the air of father's place doesn't agree with my health, and I can't go there; and I advised her to take up with somebody else; but no—she wouldn't. Mammy has a kind of obstinacy about her, in spots, that exercisely don't see a La."

that everybody don't see as I do."
"Has she children?" said Miss Ophelia. Yes: she has two."

suppose she feels the separation from "Well, of course I couldn't bring them. They were little dirty things—I couldn't have them about; and, besides, they took up too much of her time; but I believe that Mammy has all in fact, she looked about as sympathizing as ways kept up a sort of sulkiness about this. She won't marry anybody else; and I do believe now, though she knows how necessary she is to me, and how feeble my health is, she would go back to her husband to-morrow if she only could. I do, indeed," said Marie; "they are live to said the said that was enough; and reinforcing herself by smelling again at her vinaigrette, she went on.

"You see I brought my own property and

just so selfish, now, the best of them." "It's distressing to reflect upon," said St.

"Now, Mammy has always been a pet with me," said Marie. "I wish some of your Northme," said Marie. "I wish some of your North-ern servants could look at her closets of dresses silks and muslins, and one real linen cambric, she has hanging there. Fve worked sometimes her ready to go to a party. As to abuse, she don't know what it is. She never was whipped more than once or twice in her whole life. She white sugar in it. Its abominable, to be sure; but St. Clare will have high life below-stairs, and they every one of them live just as the please. The fact is, our servants are duliged. I suppose it is partly our fault that they are selfish, and act like spoiled children, they are selfish, and act like spoiled children, but I've talked to St. Clare till I am tired."

"And I, too," said St. Clare, taking up the forning paper.

Eva, the beautiful Eva, had stood listening t er mother, with that expression of deep and systic carnestness which was peculiar to her. he walked softly round to her mother's chair,

and put her arms round her neck.
"Well, Eva, what now?" said Marie "Mamma, couldn't I take care of you one ight-just one! I know I shouldn't make you ervous, and I shouldn't sleep. I often lie awake

you are such a strange child."
"But may I, mamma? I think," she said, midly, "that Mammy isn't well. She told

timidly, "that Mammy isn't well. She told me her head ached all the time lately."
"Oh, that's just one of Mammy's fidgets. Mammy is just like all the rest of them—makes such a fuss about every little head-ache or finger-ache; it never'll do to encourage it— never! I'm principled about this matter," said she, turning to Miss Ophelia; "you'll find the better in their place; just as if one could reaso

St. Clare always laughs when I make the least allusion to my ill health," said Marie, with ous provision or otherwise.

Experiment.—Some young ladies in a school the day won't come when he'll remember it."

Of course there was rather a foolish silence Finally St. Clare got up, looked at his watch ended, side by side, the drawing thus ex-ed, and diplomas awarded by the society Eva tripped away after him, and Miss Ophelia and Marie remained at the table alone.
"Now, that's just like St. Clare," said the

latter, withdrawing her handkerchief with somewhat of a spirited flourish when the criminal to be affected by it was no longer in sight. "He never realizes, never can, never will, what I suffer, and have for years. If wife's hard lot, and I bear it. But I did break I was one of the complaining sort, or ever out that time; so that he has never alluded to made any fuss about my allments, there would the subject since. But I know by his looks, and little things that he says, that he thinks so rally of a complaining wife. But I've kept things to myself, and borne, and borne, till St. Clare has got in the way of thinking I can bear

was expected to answer to this.

While she was thinking what to say, Marie radually wiped away her tears, and smoothed her plumage in a general sort of way, as a dove might be supposed to make toilette after ders, and give you time to retresh yourseld grow young and handsome. The ceremony of delivering the keys had better come off forth-linen presses, store-rooms, and other matters, of linen presses, linen This remark was made at the breakfast table, a few mornings after Miss Ophelia had arrived.

"I'm sure she's welcome," said Marie, leaning to assume the direction—giving her so many cautious directions and charges, tha a head less systematic and business-like than Miss Ophelia's would have been utterly dizzied

and confounded. "And now," said Marie, "I believe I've told on everything, so that when my next sick turn comes on, you'll be able to go forward entirely, without consulting me-only about Eva-she requires watching

"She seems to be a good child, very." Miss Ophelia; "I never saw a better child. Miss Ophelia in her own heart said, "I hope

Clare, I believe, encourages her in it. The fact is, St. Clare indulges every creature under this roof but his own wife.

Again Miss Ophelia sat in blank silence. "Now, there's no way with servants," said Marie, "but to put them down, and keep them to wake her last night?"

"Hasn't she saf up with you a good many nights lately, mamma!" said Eva.

"How should you know that?" said Marie, sharply: "she's been complaining. I suppose."

"She didn't complain; she only told me what bad nights you'd had—so many in succession."

"Why don't you let Jane or Maria take her place a night or two," said St. Clare, "and let pose you think your servants are human erea."

"You know you meant no such thing, St. Clare," said Marie.

"Oh, I must have been mistaken, then. "Oh, I must have been mistaken, then thank you, my dear, for setting me right."

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"You know you meant no such thing, St. Clare," said Marie.

"Oh, I must have been mistaken. Thank you must make 'em know their place. Evan nover does; there's no getting into the child's head the first beginning of an idea what a servant's place is! You heard her offering to take the nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's are of me nights to le

tures, and ought to have some rest when they are tired."

lutely frantic. If Mammy left the interest in all out of the way, you know. Mammy can me she ought to, she'd wake easier—of course she would. I've heard of people who had such no difficulty about that. She's the sleepiest no difficulty about that. She's the sleepiest concern that ever I saw: sewing, standing, or sitting, that creature will go to sleep, and sleep anywhere and everywhere. No danger but Mammy gets sleep enough. But this treating servants as if they were exotic flowers or china vases, is really ridiculous," said Marie, as she plunged languidly into the depths of a voluminous and pillowy lounge, and drew towards

her an elegant cut glass vinaigrette.
"You see." she continued, in a faint and lady-like voice, like the last dying breath of an Arabian jessamine, or something equally ethereal.

"you see Cousin Ophelia, "I don't often speak
of myself. It isn't my habit: 'tisn't agreeable
to me. In fact, I haven't strength to do it. But St. Clare never understood me, never appre ciated me. I think it lies at the root of all my ill health. St. Clare means well, I am bound to believe; but men are constitutionally selfish and inconsiderate to women. That, at least, is

the genuine New England caution, and a very particular horror of being drawn into family difficulties, now began to foresee something of this kind impending; so, composing her face into a grim neutrality, and drawing out of her pocket about a yard and a quarter of stocking. which she kept as a specific against what Dr Watts asserts to be a personal habit of Satan, when people have idle hands, she proceeded to knit most energetically, shutting her lips together in a way that said, as plain as words

servants into the connection when I married St. Clare, and I am legally entitled to manage them Clare, drily.

Clare, drily.

Miss Ophelia looked keenly at him, and saw the flush of mortification and repressed vexation, and the sarcastic curl of the lip, as he about things, particularly about the treatment of servants. He really does act as if he set his servants before me, and before himself, too, for firm, and his fingers flew over the keys with a he lets them make him all sorts of trouble, and rapid and birdlike motion—airy, and yet decinever lifts a finger. Now, about some things, St. Clare is really frightful—he frightens me good-natured as he looks, in general. Now, he has set down his foot that, come what will, there shall not be a blow struck in this house, except what he or I strike, and he does it in a way that I really dare not cross him. Well, you may see what that leads to, for St. Clare wouldn't raise his hand if every one of them walked over him and I—you see how cruel it would be to require me to make the exertion. grown-up children."

grown-up children."

"I don't know anything about it, and thank the Lord that I don't," said Miss Ophe lia, shortly.
"Well, but you will have to know somethin.

and know it to your cost, if you stay here. You don't know what a provoking stupid, careless, unreasonable, childish, ungrateful set of wretches they are." Marie seemed wonderfully supported always

when she got upon this topic, and she now opened her eyes and seemed quite to forget er languor.
"You don't know, and you can't, the daily "You don't know, and you can't, the daily, hourly trials that beset a housekeeper from them everywhere and every way. But it's no use to complain to St. Clare. He talks the strangest stuff. He says we have made them what they are, and ought to bear with them. what they are, and ought to bear with them He says their faults are all owing to us, and tune, that it would be cruel to make the fault and "S punish it too. He says we shouldn't do any

of one blood with us?" said Miss Ophelia, shortly.

"I wish you result have some kind of sympathy for my trials—you never have any feeling for me."

They are a degraded race."

"Don't you think they've got immortal souls?"

said Miss Ophelia, with increasing indignation.

"Oh, well," said Marie, yawuing "that of give satisfaction."

course—nobody doubts that. But as to putting A gay laugh f

Though Richard kept out of hearing of the or indeed of anything showing juvenile improvestruck St. Clare as so supremely ludierous, that them on any sort of equality with us, you know, as if we could be compared, why, it's impossible! Now, St. Clare really has talked to me as if keeping Mammy from her husband was like keeping me from mine. There's no comparing in this way. Mammy couldn't have the feelings that I should. It's a different thing. altogether-of course it is-and yet St. Clar Yet St. Clare once really and soberly tried to persuade me that it was my duty, with my weak health, and all I suffer, to let Mammy go back, and take somebody else in her place. That was a little too much, even for me to bear.

> ing"
> Miss Ophelia looked very much as if she wa anything. afraid she should say something; but she rattled away with her needles in a way that had volumes of meaning in it, if Marie could only have

"So, you just see," she continued, "what you've got to manage. A household without my rule; where servants have it all their own way, do what they please, and have what they please, except so far as I, with my feeble health, have kept up government. I keep my cowhide about and sometimes I do lay it on, but the ex-ertion is always too much for me. If St. Clare would only have this thing done as others

"Why, send them to the calaboose, or son

if we consulted that, we might let them all go Miss Ophena; "I never saw a better than an overa at once."

"Fira's peculiar." said her mother, "very "Well men have a more commanding way, and Methodist hymns are better than an overa not once."

"Fira's peculiar." said her mother, "very "Well men have a more commanding way, and Methodist hymns are better than an overa not perfect that an expectation of the men now—a particle; and Marie states, with an earnest and perplexed expectation of the men now—a particle; and Marie states, with an earnest and perplexed expectation of the men now—a particle; and Marie states, with an earnest and perplexed expectation of the men now—a particle; and Marie states and if this was a truly melancholy consideration eye; and if he speaks decidedly, there's a kind derful Tom that ever wore a black skin. This eye; and if he speaks decidedly, there's a kind of flash. I'm afraid of it myself; and the ser-

then for, mamma:

"I don't know, Fm sure, except for a plague; they are the plague of my life. I believe that more of my ill health is caused by them than by any other one thing; and ours, I know, are the very worst that ever anybody was plagued with."

"Eva always was disposed to be with servants; and I think that well enough with some children. Now, I always played with father's little negroes—it never did me any harm. But Eva somehow always seems to put herself on an anage, that there's no getting along without severity—they are so bad, so deceifful, so lazy."

"The old tune," said St. Clare, sauntering in the child. I what an awful account these wicked creations are supplied to the child. I without an awful account these wicked creations are supplied to the plague of my life. I down.

"Eva always was disposed to be with servants; and I think that well enough with some in earnest. Oh, there's no more feeling for me. But you'll find, when you come to manage, that there's no getting along without are available to the child. I will be always was disposed to be with servants; and I think that well enough with some in earnest. Oh, there's no more feeling for me. But you'll find, when you come to manage, that there's no getting along without are available to the child. I will be always was disposed to be with servants; and I think that well enough with some in earnest. Oh, there's no more feeling for me. But you'll find, when you come to manage, that there's no getting always."

"The old tune," said St. Clare, sauntering in the child. I will be always was disposed to be with servants. "What an awful account these wicked creatures will have to settle at last, especially for being lazy. You see, cousin," said he, as he

stretched himself at full length on a lounge op-posite to Marie, "it's wholly inexcusable in them, in the light of the example that Marie and I set them-this laziness." "Come, now, St. Clare, you are too bad," said

"Am I, now? Why, I thought I was talking good, quite remarkably for me. I try to enforce your remarks, Marie, always."

nd I have just had a long quarrel with Dolph, agreeable, now, and let a fellow repose in the "What's the matter about Dolph?" said

growing to a point that is perfectly intolerable to me. I only wish I had the undisputed man agement of him awhile. I'd bring him down your usual acuteness and good sense," said St. Clare. "As to Dolph, the case is this—that he has so long been engaged in imitating my mistaken himself for his master, and I have been obliged to give him a little insight into his mis-

"Why, I was obliged to let him understand, explicitly, that I preferred to keep some of my clothes for my own personal wearing; also, I ogne water, and actually was so cruel as to restrict him to one dozen of my cambric hand-kerchiefs. Dolph was particularly huffy about t, and I had to talk to him like a father, to bring him round."
"Oh! St. Clare, when will you learn how to

treat your servants! Its abominable—the way you indulge them!" said Marie.
"Why, after all, what's the harm of the poo

log's wanting to be like his master; and if I haven't brought him up any better than to find his chief good in Cologne and cambric hand-kerchiefs, why shouldn't I give them to him?"

"And why haven't you brought him up better?" said Miss Ophelia, with blunt det

ess - which ruins more souls than you can shake a stick at. If it wasn't for las should have been a perfect angel myself. Pr inclined to think that laziness is what your old Dr. Botherem, up in Vermont, used to call the 'essence of moral evil.' It's an awful consideration, certainly."
"I think you slaveholders have an awful re

sponsibility upon you," said Miss Ophelia. "I wouldn't have it for a thousand worlds. You ught to educate your slaves, and treat them like reasonable creatures—like immortal creatures, that you've got to stand before the bar of God with. That's my mind," said the good lady, breaking suddenly out with a tide of zeal that had been gaining strength in her mind all the morning.
"Oh! come, come," said St. Clare, getting up quickly: "what do you know about us!" And

he sat down to the piano, and rattled a lively piece of music. St. Clare had a decided gen-nus for music. His touch was brilliant and ded. He played piece after piece, like a man who is trying to play himself into a good humor. After pushing the music aside, he rose up and said, gaily—"Well, now, Cousin, you've given us a good talk, and done your duty; on the whole, I think the better of you fair. whole, I think the better of you for it. I make no manner of doubt that you throw a very diamond of truth at me, though you see it hit me so directly in the face that it wasn't exactly appreciated at first."

"For my part, I don't see any use in such sort of talk," said Marie. "I'm sure if anybody does more for servants than we do, I'd like to a particle—they get worse and worse. As to talking to them, or anything like that, I'm sure I have talked till I was tired and hoarse, telling them their duty, and all that; and I'm sure they can go to church when they like—though they don't understand a word of the sermon. more than so many pigs—so it ain't of any great use for them to go, as I see; but they do go-and so they have every chance; but as I said before, they are a degraded race, and always will be, and there isn't any help for

Marie, "it makes my head worse."
"I won't," said St. Clare. "Is there anything

ng for me."
"My dear accusing angel!" said St. Clare.
"It's provoking to be talked to in that way." "Then, how will you be talked to? I'll talk to order—any way you'll mention—only to the silken curtains of the verandah. St. Clare stepped out, and lifting up the curtain, laughed he railing.

There sat Tom, on a little mossy seat in the court, every one of his buttonholes stuck full of cape jessamines, and Eva, gayly laughing, was

inging a wreath of roses round his neck; and then she sat down on his knee, like a chip-spar-row, still laughing.

Oh, Tom, you look so funny! Tom had a sober, benevolent smile, and

seemed, in his quiet way, to be enjoying the un quite as much as his little mistress. He fted his eyes, when he saw his master, with a

half deprecating apologetic air.

"How can you let her!" said Miss Ophelia. Why not!" said St. Clare.

Why-I don't know-it seems so dreadful! "You would think no harm in a child's ca-essing a large dog, even if he was black; but creature that can think, and reason, and feel, and is immortal, you shudder at—confess it, Cousin. I know the feeling among some of you Northerners well enough. Not that there is a particle of virtue in our not having it; but cusom with us does what Christianity ought to do, obliterates the feeling of personal prejudice. I have often noticed, in my travels North, how nuch stronger this was with you than with us. You loathe them as you would a snake or a toad, yet you are indignant at their wrongs. ou would not have them abused; but you don't want to have anything to do with them yourselves. You would send them to Africa. ut of your sight and smell, and then send a issionary or two to do up all the self-denial of

elevating them compendiously. Isn't that it?"
"Well, Cousin," said Miss Ophelia, thought other place, to be flogged. That's the only way. If I wasn't such a poor, feeble piece, I believe I should manage with twice the energy children?" said St. Clare, leaning on the railing. that St. Clare does."

"And how does St. Clare contrive to manage?" said Miss Ophelia. "You say he never true Democrat. Tom, now, is a hero to Eva; his stories are wonders in her eyes, his songs his stories are wonders in her eyes, his songs have the contribution of one of the roses of Eden that the Lord has

dropped down expressly for the poor and lowly, who get few enough of any other kind."

"It's strange, Cousin," said Miss Ophelia;" one might almost think you were a professor, to hear you talk."

"A professor!" said St. Clare. "Yes—a professor of religion."
"Not at all—not a professor, as your townfolks have it-and what is worse, I'm afraid, not a practicer, either."

What makes you talk so, then?" "Nothing is easier than talking," said St. Clare. "I believe Shakspeare makes somebody say, 'I could sooner show ten the way to Heaven, than be one of the ten to follow my own showing.' Nothing like division of labor. My forte lies in talking, and yours, Cousin, lies in

In Tom's external situation, at this time, there vas, as the world says, nothing to complain of. Little Eva's fancy for him — the instinctive gratitude and loveliness of a noble nature—had led him to petition her father that he might be her especial attendant whenever she needed the escort of a servant in her walks or rides; and Tom had general orders to let everything else go, and attend to Miss Eva whenever she want-ed him-orders which our readers may fancy kept well dressed for St. Clare was fastidiously particular on this point. His stable services were merely a sinecure, and consisted simply in a daily care and inspection, and directing ar under servant in his duties—for Marie St. Clare declared that she could not have any smell of the horses about him when he came near her, and that he must positively not be put to any as her nervous system was entirely inadequate to any trial of that nature—one snuff of any thing disagreeable being, according to her ac count, quite sufficient to close the scene, and pnt an end to all her earthly trials at once. Tom, therefore, in his well-brushed broadcloth suit, smooth beaver, glossy boots, faultless wristbands and collar, with his grave, good-natured black face, looked respectable enough to be a Bishop of Carthage, as men of his color

were in other ages. Then, too, he was in a beautiful place-a onsideration to which his sensitive race are ever indifferent; and he did enjoy with a quiet joy the birds, the flowers, the fountains, the perfume and light and beauty of the court, the ilken hangings and pictures and lustres and statuettes and gilding, that made the parlors within a kind of Aladdin's palace to him.

If ever Africa shall show an elevated and

cultivated race—and come it must some time— her turn to figure in the great drama of human gorgeousness and splendor of which our cold Western tribes faintly have conceived. In that far-off mystic land of gold and gems and spices and waving palms and wondrous flowers and miraculous fertility, will awake new forms of art, new styles of splendor; and the negro race, haps show forth some of the latest and most magnificent revelations of human life. Cer-tainly they will in their gentleness, their lowly superior mind and rest on a higher power, their childlike simplicity of affection and facility of forgiveness. In all these they will exhibit the highest form of the peculiarly Christian life—and perhaps, as God chasteneth whom he loveth, he hath chosen poor Africa, in the furnace of affliction, to make her the highest and noblest in that kingdom which he will set up, when every other kingdom has been tried, and

of, as she stood, gorgeously dressed, on the verandah, on Sunday morning, clasping a diamond bracelet on her slender wrist? Most likely it was. Or if it wasn't that, it was some thing else; for Marie patronized good things and she was going now, in full force, diamonds silk, and lace, and jewels, and all, to a fashionable church, to be very religious. Marie al-ways made a point to be very pious on Sun-days. There she stood, so sleuder, so elegant, so airy and undulating in all her motions, her lace searf enveloping her like a mist. She looked a graceful creature, and she felt very good, and very elegant indeed. Miss Ophelia stood at her side, a perfect contrast. It was not that she had not as handsome a silk dress and shawl, and as fine a pocket handkerchief but stiffness and squareness, and bolt upright-ness, envoloped her with as indefinite yet ap-preciable a presence as did grace her elegant neighbor; not the grace of God, however, that is quite another thing!

"Where's Eva ?" said Marie. "The child stopped on the stairs, to say som thing to Mammy

And what was Eva saying to Mammy on the stairs? Listen, reader, and you will hear, though Marie does not. "Dear Mammy, I know your head is achin

ireadfully." "Lord bless you, Miss Eva, my head allers aches lately. You don't need to worry."
"Well, I'm glad you're going out; and here,"
and the little girl threw her arms around her,

"Mammy, you shall take my vinaigrette."
"What! your beautiful gold thing "What! your beautiful gold thing thar, with them diamonds! Lor, miss, 'twouldn't be proper, no ways."
"Why not! You need it, and I don't Mamma always uses it for headache, and it'll nake you feel better. No, you shall take it, to

please me, now."
"Do hear the darlin talk!" said Mammy, as Eva thrust it into her bosom, and kissing ran down stairs to her mother. What were you stopping for ?

"I was just stopping to give Mammy my vimigrette to take to church with her."
"Eva!" said Marie, stamping impatiently "your gold vinaigrette to Mammy! Whe